

Honolulu Star-Bulletin

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EDITOR

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Keep Pace With Americanism

The trend of liberalism in mainland politics is again indicated by the election returns of New York state and Ohio.

In New York the cause of woman's suffrage has triumphed in the balloting upon a constitutional amendment. A large majority in favor of suffrage has been counted already and as belated returns come in, the majority grows.

In Ohio, long a stronghold of the liquor interests, King Booze has apparently been forced to abdicate as unceremoniously as Nicholas Romanoff and Constantine were forced to abdicate.

Ohio presented the situation familiar in other states where an election has been had upon prohibition. The cities cast a majority of ballots for a continuation of the "wet" regime, but the country districts came through strongly against intoxicants.

The loss of Ohio will be staggering to the anti-prohibitionists. Cincinnati is one of the liquor strongholds of the country, and here the argument that the manufacture of liquor is an industry vital to the prosperity of the community was used to the limit. But the great country vote of Ohio, that state which has mothered presidents on its farms and ranches, went squarely for prohibition. Though the decision is close, as the Star-Bulletin goes to press, the signs are that Ohio is moving into the "all-white" column.

Hawaii's opportunity to free itself from the economic and social ravages of booze is nearing. Dr. E. C. Dinwiddie, one of the energetic, hard-hitting Anti-Saloon League officials, who is now here in line with the campaign to make Hawaii "dry," points out truly that this community should be free of liquor. Ever since the order forbidding the sale of liquor to soldiers has gone into effect, we of Honolulu have admitted, sometimes in a shame-faced way, that the community which prevents a soldier from getting a drink and allows drink to be sold freely to civilians, is discriminating, is setting up class distinctions. It is wrong, it is un-American.

For some years the newspapers of this city have been summarizing in news stories and editorials the effects of booze upon crime. The cause of many crimes of violence, lust and cowardly vice has been traced many times back to the old story of indulgence in booze. The sentiment of Hawaii has changed materially since the day, seven years ago, when a well-organized and well-financed liquor brigade defeated at the polls a half-organized and mis-handled temperance phalanx.

So unmistakably is the trend of American sentiment toward prohibition that Hawaii, of whose Americanism we have reason to be proud, must inevitably become in this respect reactionary unless we place this territory in the "dry" column. Honolulu should lead the way.

ROLLING UP THE GREAT RECORD.

America's second Liberty Loan has been oversubscribed by more than one billion, six hundred million dollars. The totals announced in Washington last night amount to \$4,617,532,300. Half of this oversubscription will be accepted.

In Hawaii the record of oversubscription ran proportionately far ahead of the rest of the country. Our quota was more than twice subscribed. The quota was \$3,000,000, and the amount subscribed was \$5,060,800. More than five million was oversubscribed.

The response of all America to the call of the nation has been magnificent. A few days ago there were rumors in Hawaii that the loan was going badly on the mainland, was not more than half-subscribed, would be a failure. The figures announced last night in Washington set at rest such rumors. Americans have risen to the opportunity for patriotic service as they have risen before, and will rise again, and continue to rise until war shall have been fought to an allied victory.

"FISH"—AND OTHERS.

"Fish," the anonymous humorist who (with due apologies) launched a K. C. B. column in the Star-Bulletin a few weeks ago, has "started something." All the amateur K. C. B.'s in Hawaii, and there are scores of them, have taken pen in hand and begun a drum-fire upon the unhappy editor of this innocent afternoon paper. We have K. C. B.'s writing in American, Hawaiian, Japanese, Spanish, Tagalog, Chinese and Kahuna Nuise, otherwise known as Kakaako English. However, ladies and gentlemen, do your worst—and your best. So long as the original K. C. B., now living in Greenwich Village, New York, and writing for the Hearst syndicate, does not enjoin us or sue us for criminal libel, we will continue to print those whose typographical idiosyncrasies we can decipher.

The response of the local-born Japanese when the call for registration came was very gratifying to the government officials. In the drawing held in Honolulu Thursday the Japanese were well represented. A few thoughtless persons have at times seemed disposed to speak lightly of our cosmopolitan population. But the young Americans of this melting pot of nations are assuming the burden of business and fighting for our economic welfare.—Hilo Tribune.

Old King Booze got another blow in the alcoholic solar plexus yesterday when the country-district vote of Ohio began to roll in.

Take a good look at the congressmen, folks. They are some of the people who lit into us with those new war-taxes!

A New Date In History

November 3, 1917, is a new date of importance in American history. On that day American infantry for the first time engaged in battle with the Germans.

Previously there have been some artillery skirmishes and our destroyers and other naval vessels conveying transports and merchant ships have accounted for a good many U-boats; also, the keen-eyed gunners upon armed merchant ships have shown the Hun submarine commanders that it is good business to keep out of range of Yankee gunfire. But this is the first of the infantry engagements.

It would seem from the meager reports that what happened on a small sector of the west front was typical of most of the trench warfare: a small body of men guarding a section of trench was isolated by the barrage-fire of the enemy and raided. That raid probably meant the destruction of the American company occupying the trench, though Gen. Pershing's statement of casualties may be taken to indicate that half of them at least made their escape.

There will be many such reports, and it is entirely too much to expect that our army will not have serious reverses. The serious news from Russia today makes certain what we have heretofore suspected—that our task might be doubled at any time by Slav defection. We know it now, and the knowledge should make the nation set its teeth and drive forward harder than ever.

IN PASADENA.

It has long been recognized that the female of the species is more deadly than the male, but the males of Pasadena, Cal., appear to have embarked on an attempt to wrest this reputation from the ladies. Read the following from a Pasadena paper:

Dr. J. H. Warner, captain in charge of the knitting being done by Pasadena firemen for the sailors and soldiers under the direction of the local branch of the navy league, and Mrs. Robert L. Gifford, who is furnishing all the yarn and other materials being used, are very much pleased with the interest the firemen are displaying in the work, and the energy and enthusiasm with which they are entering into it.

The men look upon their knitting as a serious, patriotic matter, but that does not prevent their getting a considerable amount of fun out of it. According to a report received at the navy league, they are arranging for an afternoon tea, to be held at one of the engine houses in the near future, to which all the men with time off will be invited. No one who fails to bring his knitting will be admitted, however.

Keen rivalry has developed among the firemen as to who can turn out the most work. One man was found sitting up in bed knitting this morning. He confessed that he had been at it since daylight. Others have acquired the habit already of taking their knitting home on their half days off. They stoutly deny the accusation that their mothers, wives or daughters, as the case may be, do the knitting for them on these occasions.

Fire Chief Thurston is respectfully requested to introduce knitting among the indoor sports of the local firemen.

THAT GARDEN CONTEST.

That the garden contest which is to begin on the first of January is a popular move is indicated in the activity already being displayed by those who are to be numbered among the determined ones to win first place at the conclusion of the contest.

However, if it is to be a contest in the proper way, there should be some definite plan made as to conditions under which the commencement should be made. For instance, there are those who are at present in a position to begin planting if it were necessary, while there are others who are still undecided just where to lay out the garden plot. To make the contest more interesting, and to even matters up as nearly as possible, an arrangement whereby all contestants could start under similar conditions would, in the opinion of the Post, more aptly bring the best results.—Hawaii Post.

We will be a long way from settling the fish controversy until the food commission takes a couple of months off and determines what is the relation of the hypoxanthin theory to the total protein metabolism of the common or Kakaako variety of squid.

Eight million Americans have enrolled in the new Good Pledge campaign. That's just a starter. Eighty million will be enrolled as soon as they realize the national and international importance of their efforts.

Between the pleas of the plantation managers for more rain, and the appeals of the Congress party entertainers for more sun, the weatherman is certainly up against it.

Voting under fire for the New York soldiers must have seemed like the good old times on the east side and the Bowery, when Fourteenth street was in its political prime.

Our guess is that any American citizen who dies without owning a Liberty Bond will have a good deal to explain when he faces Saint Peter.—Dallas, Texas, News.

Jeff: McLemore (yes, spelled just like that) didn't come with the congressional party. Apparently he passed a resolution warning himself off the Matsonia.

Thanksgiving's approach doesn't mean much to Adorna and Kerensky.

The dealer in foods whose prices are right need fear no probe.

Italy looks like a procession.

FROM BAD TO WORSE

(With apologies to K. C. B. Fish and the Postmaster.)

DEAR

FISH

WILL YOU please

COME OUT to

FORT KAMEHAMEHA

AND FIX the lights

IN THE MOVIE HOUSE?

THE BOY who runs

THE PICTURE machine

HAS TOGGLED the lights

TO THE MACHINE

IN SOME WAY and

WHEN HE finishes

A REEL they jiggle

WORSER'N FAT SMITH

WHEN HE RIDES a horse,

AND IT HURTS our eyes

SO WE CAN'T see how foolish

THE NEW jawbones look

WHEN they first wear

A WHITE uniform.

DON'T BRING your wife along

OR YOUR spectacles

BUT BRING the

ROAD COMMISSIONER

AND TELL him

TO WEAR his hula costume

'CAUSE HE won't have

ANYTHING ELSE when he gets here.

AND BESIDES we're in

A HELLUVA fix.

THEY WON'T let us

GO OVER and lick

THE KAISER

AND THEY won't let us

STAY HERE and lick

THE BOOZE,

SO IF you will bring

YOUR STAMPS along

WE WILL lick them,

'CAUSE YOU can't lick

THE POSTMASTER

'CAUSE HE didn't

LICK YOUR stamps

AND 'CAUSE nobody

CAN LICK us.

WE THANK YOU.

SOME

SOLDIERS.



SHINGLE KEEPS HIS WORD.

SAW R. W. Shingle of Honolulu, one of the many men who have made a fortune in sugar during the past three years, on Market street the other day. As he is not stopping with his wife and children at Stanford Court this time, his word is evidently as good as his check. The last time while on a visit he put up at the fashionable apartments on Nob Hill after a mild protest about his young children. A few days later there was a verbal explosion when the management, due to the protest of other rich but childless families objected to bottles of milk being delivered at his door every morning for the kiddies, and which remained exposed in the hall before the door a little time to the great offense of the protestants.

"Well, what about it?" inquired Shingle angrily. "I must tell you not to do it," insisted the manager. "Then there's just two ways to settle such an inoffensive act," responded the sugar magnate. "I'll either buy the house, or move away and never come again. Let me give you a check to bind the option if you wish."

THE REGULAR VS. THE SLACKER

FORT SHAFTER.

Nov. 6, 1917.

Star-Bulletin.

Dear Sirs: Would be pleased to see this little piece put in print.

A REGULAR'S APPEAL

We give you our service, you shut off our beer.

But the slacker can drink till he's full to the ears:

We leave our good homes to keep you from harm.

But the slacker goes by with a girl on his arm

And laughs at the soldier, poor, unlucky cuss.

You go with the slacker, why ostracize us?

The slacker hides round in a Ford of his own

And charges two bits to pull us to town.

We're doing our duty, his liver is white.

Yet we are in camp at nine bells each night.

While he sticks around as long as he cares.

And laughs at the soldier, that is, if he dares.

Discipline, we know, is a thing that must be.

But, honest to goodness, we fail to see.

When the soldier drinks nothing but water and pop.

Why the drinks of the slacker should also not stop.

The slacker can dance, and it seems rather hard

Greatly astonished, the manager could hardly mumble he did not want to sell.

Shingle moved out that day and came near prosecuting a suit for damages. He was finally persuaded by mutual friends not to do so.—Oakland Enquirer.

COULDN'T FIND HULA.

DGAR S. KITCHIN, patent attorney of Washington, D. C., and a cousin of Congressman Claude Kitchin, was disappointed in his recent visit to Honolulu, according to San Francisco papers. Mr. Kitchin failed to find a hula dance.

"I had heard all about Honolulu and the hula-hula," said Kitchin, "and I have received joshing letters from my friends saying that they supposed I was 'seeing the sights.' I want to tell you that you can't find the hula in Honolulu with a microscope. I tried. And I was disappointed, I must say."

"But don't say anything about it, for my wife might say something. You know, Washington is nearer to San Francisco these days. But it's a sure truth; the hula has disappeared from Honolulu."

That at all decent dances the uniform's barred.

We shoulder our rifles and have taken our place.

And we'll go to our death with a smile on our face;

But this is a soldier's appeal to you—

Until we go over the pond, please give us our due.

BY A REGULAR.

"THE ROOKIE CRY"

(By D. M.)

Just continual round of drilling

From first call until retreat;

Fall in, men, attention.

Count off, then repeat:

One, two, three and four.

That's the count we hear them sing

From early morn till late, at eve—

Oh, hell! The words do ring.

Squads right and then squads left

We hear the sergeant shout;

Sometimes we're sick and tired,

And we wish our time was out.

Or else we'd go to France

To help drive out the Hun,

And try our hand at fighting—

Methinks we'd have some fun.

But we're marooned upon this island,

But we wish they'd take a hand;

And transport us across the ocean,

To a place called no man's land,

Where we could hear the whizzing

Of the bullets overhead,

And right the wrongs imposed

And vindicate the dead.

Mr. Smith is coming to Honolulu—

Adv.

THIS OPPORTUNE TIME

¶ When this country plunged into the world struggle the small and timid advertiser was extremely cautious and in some instances reduced his advertising appropriation.

¶ But his fear has been overcome and he has come to see that this of all times is opportune for putting his selling arguments before the people.

Paid Publicity Will Do It.

The general circulation of the Star-Bulletin for Oct. 29 was **7469**

DOLLAR LIMIT FOR MEAL IN FAMOUS LONDON HOTEL

They're serving it "off the palm" instead of "off the arm" in London these days. The waiter who in the good old days was wont to stagger under a load of food big enough to choke a threshing machine, now trips lightly along juggling a full course dinner for six. He carries this provender on one small tray, and it doesn't take an extra serving table whereon to deposit part of the meal while the other part is devoured. For London is serving its food by the ounce now. In ante-bellum days it was by the pound, plate or quart.

Even the officers of the army of King George are not permitted to spend more than \$1 on a meal. The man whose pockets are lined with gold and whose clothing is cluttered with class is no better today than the fellow with only one iron man and a wholesome appetite.

A bill of fare from the famous Savoy hotel restaurant in London reached The Denver Post recently. It bears information that potatoes are served only one day each week—Friday. All portions of the Savoy are limited to five ounces of meat at luncheon and

dinner, none at breakfast. This portion is weighed raw and includes fat and bone.

Only two ounces of bread may be served to one person at any meal. One diner may have two-sevenths of an ounce of sugar, including the sweetening used in preparing the meal and the one lump limit in tea or coffee.

Officers who feed at the Savoy must reserve enough out of the \$1 limit for tips or the waiter goes unpaid.

The Savoy's menu is printed under the direction of the government food administrator. as—1 . . . w

Dr. J. H. Raymond of Maui is a visitor in the city.

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Distribute your investments

It is an old saying: Do not put all your eggs in one basket.

To follow it was never wiser than in the present time.

Uncertainty due to war conditions surrounds in some degree all securities, though it is hardly likely that all would suffer in any event.

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